

Ian DeJong  
1310 Mann Rd.  
Crittenden, Ky 41030  
March 25, 2019

The Honorable Mark L. Wolf  
John Joseph Moakley U.S. Courthouse  
One Courthouse Way  
Boston, Ma 02210

RE: Daren DeJong

Dear Judge Wolf,

I, Ian DeJong write to you on behalf of my father Daren DeJong. During the past 29 years I will be able to provide some insight of who my father is in a family setting and professional setting.

I have had the distinct pleasure of being able to call Daren my Father. My Father can be described as patient, detailed, knowledgeable with endless information, including on various subjects ( aka useless information), and funny with a endless sense of humor. Some memories include riding to the gym with my Father while he was singing songs on the radio even when the words were forgotten. He would always play games with my brother Nathan and I, such as hide and go seek to board games. His wealth of knowledge was provided at the gym teaching the basics of working out and staying healthy. His attention to detail carried on to taking care of the house and keeping the lawn and vehicles in the utmost condition. He taught me how to fish, hunt, split firewood, detail vehicles and landscape around the house among a few to name. He taught me how to talk to people and treat everyone with respect regardless of their background / economic status. Beside all those memories a deeper message was delivered. They were the building blocks/ foundation on how to become a responsible adult, and how to provide for yourself and others.

Spending time with the family was always at the top of my Fathers list. While growing up, every summer a family vacation to Cape Cod for a week would take place. He would teach my brother Nathan and I how to catch blue crabs, spider crabs and horseshoe crabs. He would spend time building sand castles with us. In December of 1997 he and my mother Kristin surprised us with a trip to Walt Disney world. They extended the invite to my grandparents knowing this would be their last chance of a vacation like this. My grandfather Albert Costa who was in a wheelchair joined. Despite



Albert's Handicap, my Father made sure to provide and push my Grandfather around all the different Disney parks so they could enjoy vacation with their Grandchildren. My father had no shortage of drive to provide for others which had no boundaries, extending beyond family to friends and the general public.

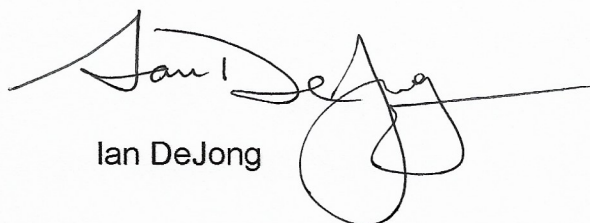
I remember my Father volunteering his time at the annual softball tournament for the Easter Seals raising money alongside other Troopers. He also Volunteered to coach Flag football for Uxbridge Middle School one year alongside Jody Dwight, a retired Uxbridge Detective. I remember my teammates looking up to my Father, asking questions as without hesitation he provided his wealth of knowledge about the sport.

Senior year of high school I had the privilege to attend hunting camp in northern Maine along side my Grandfather, Father and various friends. The week provided a great bonding and learning experience I got to share with my Father. A tradition which my Father himself has been participating in since he was a senior in high school. His goofy attitude and singing to songs has been unchanged throughout the years.

As the years passed I pursued a career in Law Enforcement for the Uxbridge Police Department. During that time I have encountered other Officer's in surrounding towns and Troopers who know my father. Everyone speaks highly of my Father about his dedication to the job and the public. His cruiser and uniform were always kept in pristine condition, his professionalism and dedication to the Commonwealth and the residents has remained throughout his 30 plus years of public service. His work ethic is nothing short of amazing which he received from his Father Gordon DeJong.

I hope this letter is taken in consideration during sentencing in the court. My Father is nothing short of amazing despite the recent events which have taken place. He still remains a friend, father, husband, brother and great Trooper to all those who surround him. He may be a little older a little wiser, but the stone at which he was carved from remains the same.

Sincerely,

  
Ian DeJong